

THE
MAN of HONOUR;

BUT,

NOT of his WORD.

INSCRIBED TO

Mr. *SHERIDAN*.

Hear all, and then let JUSTICE hold the Scale.

OTWAY.



DUBLIN:

PRINTED in the YEAR, MDCCL,

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T H E
M A N of **H O N O U R**;
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N O T of his **W O R D**.

T H E R E is nothing more likely to ruin the Credit and Reputation of a Man and a Writer than an impotent Endeavour to impose upon the World, in any public Dispute, by *sophistical Subtilties*, or *barefaced Subterfuges*. Such an Attempt exposes, at once, the *Weakness of the Head*, and the *Badness of the Heart*; and is a two-fold Insult upon the Understanding of the Public. — Who will ever despise the *Vanity of the Blockhead*. — And never forgive the *Effrontery of the Knave*, that impudently offers Equivocation, for Reasoning; and Speciousness for Truths.

That there are such *egregious* Heroes in the World, 'tis presumed even SHERIDAN Himself, cannot deny, **Heroes**, who are *invulnerable* to Shame! and *invincible* to all Modesty! whose Professions and Writings acknowledge the *Public as a Master*, — But whose Conduct and Actions, *insult it as their Servant*, whose Lives, from their first Entrance upon the Stage, have been a continued Scene of *Strife and Contest*, as if a perpetual War with the PUBLIC, were their *principal Business*; and 'tis total Conquest, their ultimate Pleasure. **Heroes**, who justify a *Breach of Word*, by a Jesuitical Reserve, that they never gave their **HONOUR**, who boast that **OPPOSITION** is their *Friend*! **CLAMOUR** their *Scorn*! that they gain daily Strength, by the *Increase of their ENEMIES*, and cer-
tain

tain Profit by their *impotent Efforts*; that **SUCCESS** is their *Crest*; their *Motto*, **PERSEVERE**. And lastly, that the **PUBLIC** is their *Own*, in spite of its *Struggles* and *Endeavours*.

The *Original* of this Copy, every Man of Observation *must* have met with; it is a **CHARACTER** as well known upon the *Stage of Life*, as that of *Smock Alley*, and is as *peculiar* and as *striking* in its *Ways* and *Manners*, as any the great *Shakespear* himself ever drew. But whether there is such an *Original* in the present Dispute between Dr. Mosse and Mr. Sheridan, or which is the Man, is a Determination that *Indisputably* belongs to the *impartial Judgment* OF THE **UNERRING PUBLIC**, to whom the following Observations on Mr. Sheridan's State of the Case, are humbly submitted.

The first Question to be consider'd is, *whether or no any Person, IN THE NAME OF THE BAND OF MUSIC, apply'd to Mr. Sheridan for his Leave to perform with Dr. Mosse, at such Times, as should not interfere with Mr. Sheridan's Theatrical Businets? And if any Person did apply, whether or no that Person was a proper One?*

This Question; *the Manager himself*, in his own State of the Case, *has fully answered*. But that he may not be injured by *Sophistry* or *false Assertion*, take the Gentleman's own *confession*, which is as follows:

'The Manager never was apply'd to by any of his **BAND IN PERSON**.'

It is a coarse, but a true Saying, *that a Liar ought to have a good Memory*; and for the Sake of Truth, it is to be wish'd, that *the Manager's was better*. What! never apply'd to by any of the Band? Mr. Sheridan ought to have been more guarded in this Declaration. Pray, what is *Pasquill*? Is not he one of the **BAND**? may be, *ay*; — it may be, *no*; — he *is* — or is *not*. — just as suits the Manager's **INTEREST, LOGIC, or MEMORY**; — now he *is*, — now he *is not*. — The Manager *promises*, — he does *not* promise; — it *was* a Leave, — it *was not* a Leave. — It was only

a GUARDED DECLARATION. And thus the great *Sheridan* reasons.

But it is presumed, That whatever *Strels his Theatrical Majesty*, may be pleaded to lay upon this Sentence, that the impartial Public, will not think it of the least Importance in the Question, whether the **BAND** apply'd to his **HIGHNESS** in *Person*, or by *Proxy*; so that this must be pass'd by as a Sample of the Manager's Chaff, but to proceed :

“ The only Application made to him was by
 “ *Signior Pasquali*, who, in the Name of the **BAND**,
 “ ask'd him, *Whether he would give them Leave to*
 “ *perform at the Gardens*, at such Times only as he
 “ had no Occasion for their Attendance at the
 “ Theatre ?”

These are the Manager's own Words, in his State of the Case, P. 4, and it is presumed that they prove, as fully as Words, or Terms can, **AN EVIDENT APPLICATION.** And as to the Propriety of the **APPLIER**, sure none could be more proper to negotiate an Affair of that nature between *Sheridan* and his Band than Mr. *Pasquali*, who was, (under the Manager,) the very Director of the Band.

Some have been of Opinion, that Doctor *Mosse* was the Person that ought to have applied to *Sheridan*: This seems to be rather a *hasty* than a *mature Judgment*; for in the first Place, it mattered not *who applied*, so there was but a positive and a proper Application. Secondly, upon Reflection, it will be found that Doctor *Mosse* wanted no Favour of Mr. *Sheridan* — He only wanted a Band of Musick: And Mr. *Sheridan*'s Band wanted to perform with the Doctor, — and applied to Mr. *Sheridan* for Leave. Which Leave Mr. *Sheridan* might have refused if he pleased; but as he granted it, sure there was no occasion for any farther Application. Upon the whole it appears, as the Case then stood, it was not the Doctor, but the Musick that wanted the Favour; consequently they were the properest Persons to apply — They did; and now,

The

The second Question is, *whether Mr. Sheridan gave his Band Leave to engage with Doctor MOSSE.*

His own Words to *Pasquali*, when he applied for Leave *in the Name of the Band* will clear up that Point. Which are as follow, taken from his Case, Page 5.

“ That if he could contribute to the *promoting a*
 “ *charitable Design*, and at the same Time be of Service
 “ to the Band, without interfering with his Thea-
 “ trical Business, he could *foresee no Objection to the*
 “ *giving them Leave to perform at the Gardens*, at such
 “ Times as he had no Occasion for them !

This was an *obliging, genteel Answer*, and shewed a charitable Disposition to the Scheme, and a good-natured one to his Band. And as such, Mr. *Pasquali* delivered it to the Band. All of whom received it very gratefully, and *thanked Mr. Sheridan for his Kindness in giving them Leave*, and Mr. *Pasquali* for having solicited it. But some of the Band, being more cautious than the rest, begged that Mr. *Pasquali* would get a written Permission from Mr. *Sheridan* — to which Mr. *Pasquali* answered — “ *That there was not the least Occasion for a written Leave ; for that Mr. Sheridan’s Word was a sufficient Leave for them to ENGAGE WITH DOCTOR MOSSE*, and they accordingly did.

Now, candid Reader, *reflect one Moment!* remember that the Questions are *fairly and simply stated* ; and that they are not answered by Doctor *Mosse*, — but by Mr. *Sheridan’s own Words*, taken from the Case as *stated by himself* ; then the Question now is, whether Mr. *Sheridan*, or any ADVOCATE can, *without abusing*, deny that there was a *formal and a proper Application* made to him for Leave to his Band to engage with Doctor *Mosse*, and whether Mr. *Sheridan* did not *graciously and properly* grant Leave in as binding a Manner as his WORD could make it ?

Thus, from *SHERIDAN’s own Words*, the Leave is indisputably proved. But to detect, and convict, more fully, this Gentleman, let us look into what *he*, and his *Puff*, call his Reasoning upon the Affair. *It is there* we shall see a more striking Picture of what has
 been

been stirring in his dubious Mind. For as *Shakeſpear* ſays,

“ There are no Tricks in plain and ſimple Faith,
 “ But hollow Men, like to the hunted Fox,
 “ Are ever at their Shifts, when glaring Truth
 “ Confronts their dark Deſigns.

It would be a filthy Journey to follow this *Will* with a *Wiſp* thro’ all the By-Ways, and dirty Places his falſe Light would decoy us into. We ſhall attend him but to one Stage. which we ſuppoſe will be fully ſufficient to give the Reader, a lively and a perfect Idea of the Intricacies of the whole Road thro’ which our benighted Traveller has wandered in his mazy State of the Cafe.

For whoever has read, attentively, one Paragraph of this *notorious Piece of Eloquence*, muſt have been convinced, that whatever Obligations the Manager’s Reputation is under to *Greek* and *Latin*, that it owes but very little to *Engliſh* and *Reasoning*, and leſs to *Truth*. But that his lettered or logical Character may not be aſperſed by a groundleſs Aſſertion, pray courteous Reader, obſerve well the following Paragraph, which we offer, to your unbiassed Judgment, as a Specimen of the Manager’s matchleſs Ability in eaſy *STILE* and *argumentative* ſubtilty.

“ *From a Declaration ſo guarded as this* (meaning his
 “ *Leave to the Band)* *who could foreſee that ſuch Inter-*
 “ *ences could be drawn, or ſuch Conſequences follow?*

Here, Reader, you are to note, that the Manager, *refines* the *Leave* and the *whole Matter*, on his Side,
 “ INTO A DECLARATION SO GUARDED—only.—
 Then continues.

“ *It muſt appear, to every Perſon of common Senſe, that*
 “ *the Manager did not, HEREBY, part with one Tittle*
 “ *of his Right. He reſerved,—TO HIMSELF, a Power*
 “ *of withdrawing THAT I.EAVE if he could ſhew any*
 ſtrong Objection TO THE GIVING IT,

There’s

There's **STILE** for you, and *Logic*, and *Argument*, and **CLEAVERNESS**,—and every Thing in the World,—and *all that*. For it appears **HEREBY**, that the **MANAGER** is right to a *Tittle*—And that he reserved **TO HIMSELF**, (*not to any Body else*) a Power of withdrawing **THAT LEAVE**, which he had never granted—for, it is evident,—it was only a **DECLARATION SO GUARDED**.

VARIOUS have been the *Judgments* thrown out upon this *enigmatical Sentence* of his: Upon which each Man has *branded his Comment* according to the **Bent** of his *Profession* or *Religion*! The **DIVINE** says it is a *jesuitical Reserve*! the **MORALIST** calls it a *low Equivocation*! the **LAWYER** an *Absurdity*! the **GRAMMARIAN** false *Construction*! the **CRITIC** downright *Nonsense*! the **ORATORS** maintain it to be a *Figure in Rhetoric*, called a *Bull*! and the People of **COMMON SENSE** say it is a *Jumble of them all together*!

“ *If a wrong Use was made of this Leave.* ”

Now it is **THIS LEAVE**.—before it was **THAT LEAVE**.—and by-and-by,—*Hiccius Doctus*,—**Presto-pais**—we shall see it will be *no Leave at all*.

“ *If the Band, or Mr. Mosse, went beyond what HE GAVE THEM PERMISSION to do—(So! now it is a Permission)—he had not only a Right but it was INCUMBENT on him to withdraw it.* ”

INCUMBENT on him.—*There's Reasoning* for you,—*there's a Head*!—well, it is a fine Thing to be a **MANAGER**!—and a **Scholar**! what an *Opportunity* they give a Man to *threw his Parts*!

But now comes the *Coup de Maître*! the well-turned, motly Period! made up of *Deduction*, *Insinuation*, *Affertion*, *Altonishment*! and other rhetorical Atoms, which jostle to *insidious Measure*, in this **CHAOS**—this *Humbug* of **ELOQUENCE**.

“ *But how the Band could suppose, that the above Words gave them a Liberty to enter into an absolute, written, Agreement with Mr. Mosse, to play WHENEVER HE CALLED UPON THEM; or how Mr. Mosse could conclude that he had a Right to command their Atten-* ”

“ *dance* ”

"dante *WHENEVER HE PLEASED, is astonishing.*"
Indeed, *Tommy*, thou art an *astonishing Hero*!

For, would not any one imagine now, from the last quoted Sentence, that the Music had entered into a written Agreement, to perform not only when the Theatre could spare them, but *whenever Dr. Mosse pleased*; and that the Doctor had concluded, and declared, that he had a *Right to command their Attendance, whenever he thought proper*; this is the natural and obvious Meaning of the Words, and as such they have been always understood by every Reader. And yet nothing is falser, not even *Sheridan's Word, or Promise*; for the *only Point* contended for by *Mosse*, and the Band was, "That *Sheridan gave them Leave* to perform at the Gardens, whenever they could be *spared from the Theatre.*"

And yet this *Man of Morals*, this *honest Man*, has the Folly to endeavour to impose upon the *whole Public*, by slyly changing the Question from "*the Band's performing at the Gardens, when they would be spared*" from the Theatre, to *their performing there, whenever Mr. Mosse should be pleased to command them.*" Indeed, *Tommy*, you're hit here *fairly detected*! O *fyce*! *fyce*! ever while you live, tell Truth, and shame the *Manager*.

Ay, but says he, "I will prove it by *Mosse's own* Advertisement, that he had resolved to command *my Band*, not only when there was no Call for them at *my Theatre*, but *whenever he pleased.*"

If thou can'st do that *Tommy*, thou shalt no longer be deemed a T——r and an T——r but a *Gentleman*, and a *Man of Honour*. Nay, in spite of what the World says, thou shalt be *regenerated*, and again be deemed a *Man of your Word*.

Why then, in order to bring about such a Reformation, in the *Manager's* moral Character, and to avail him, as much as possible, in this *dirty Affair*, the Reader is desired to peruse, *carefully*, the following

following Advertisement publish'd by Dr. *Mosse*, which is the Source from whence the Manager draws all his *Inferences*, *Affertions*, and *Prevarications*.

“ On *Thursday Morning*, being the 8th Inst. *March*,
 “ at *Twelve o’Clock at Noon*, the *New Garden* in
 “ *Britain-street*, will be opened, for the Benefit of the
 “ *Lying-in Hospital*, with a *Grand Band of Vocal and*
 “ *Instrumental Music*, and to be continued *every*
 “ *fair Day* until the latter End of *April*, and from
 “ that *Time*, every *fair Evening* during the *Season*.

Now Reader, the Question is, whether or no, in your Judgment, this Advertisement proves, or even indicates, that the *BAND* entered into a written Agreement, with Mr. *Mosse*, to play *whenever he should call upon them*; or that Mr. *Mosse* concluded and declared, that he had a Right to *command their Attendance whenever he pleased*.

“ Yes, says Mr. *Sheridan*, it fully proves *both*; be-
 “ cause it gives Notice *for every fair Day* until the
 “ latter End of *April*; and from that Time *every fair*
 “ *Evening during the Season*. Therefore it is *self-evident*
 “ that the *BAND* entered into a written Agreement
 “ to perform with *Mosse*, *whenever he should call upon*
 “ *them*; and that he concluded he had a Right to *com-*
 “ *mand their Attendance whenever he pleased*.”

In Truth *Tommy*, this Deduction seems a little *pre-
 cipitate*, and not quite so *cleaver* or *candid*, as a sen-
 sible and a *fair Man* could wish. What, was there
no Music in *DUBLIN*, but your *BAND*! had you en-
 grossed *All*? Had not Mr. *Mosse* a Right to make
 Use of such Hands as he could collect, who were *not*
engaged to you? and of those who were *already in*
Articles with him? might he not have employ'd *those*,
every fair Day, until the latter End of *April*? and
 from that Time *every fair Evening*, during the rest of
 the *Season*, without being charged and *stigmatized*
 with

with *seducing*, or arbitrarily *commanding* your BAND away from you? The *Advertisement* simply, and plainly, is no more than a Notice, that there will be Music at the Gardens, at such and such Times. There is not *one Word* of Mr. Sheridan's Band in it.

There is *one Point* more we cannot pass unnoticed, as it lets the Manager's Designs in a *favourable Light*, and contradicts the Report of his *never intending to give the Band Leave* to perform at the Gardens. In his state of the Case, Page 3, Article 2d, are these Words.

" Mr. Sheridan was very willing to lend his Assistance
" to Doctor Mosse in promoting the Benefit of the Gardens,
" without Fee or Reward, (a polite Phrase) or any
View of Advantage to himself."

For the Truth of this he appeals to his standing Voucher, *Pasquali*; —who, tho' the Manager's Prime Minister, and Convenience, yet is a *disinterested Person*, and would not tell a Falstity, or give TRUTH a *partial*, or *false Colouring* upon any Account.

But *Storace*, the Director of Mr. Mosse's Band, is an *interested*, a partial Person. " Under which Predicaments must all Men clais; who shall bear Voice, or
" Thought 'gainst CÆSAR'S WILL."

But that his *Intention* of Leave may be proved, and his *Honour* vindicated, even to the *pure Essence* of moral and religious *Sincerity*, take the following Quotation from his Case, Page 8, Article 3d. It is a Kind of *Tautological Proof* it must be confessed; being a Repitition of the Article above; but in that consists its Force. For when the Mind is *over-pregnant* with SINCERITY, like an eager Barrister over-charged with Coke and President, TAUTOLOGY is then the *lawful Issue*. For the Fear of not pouring out enough makes them ever vent too much. But to the Proof

" That Mr. Mosse was well informed, and thoroughly
" acquainted with Mr. Sheridan's Intentions of assisting
" him with his Band of Vocal and Instrumental Music,
" at such Times as he had no Occasion for them himself,
" without

“ without any Consideration—to be given in return. To be given to him in return! that’s pretty, clever, full, and accurate.

And now who can say the *Manager* was not *sincere* in his Answer to *Pasquali*; and in this Declaration (not so guarded here but *so positive*? Did he not give his *Word*? is it not under his *Hand*? and is not all confirmed by a *disinterested Person*,—Mr. PASQUALI? then who can condemn or revile the *Manager* for *Insincerity* and *Doubling-Dealing*? NONE but his *Enemies*, and such as envy his *Prosperity*, and EMINENT STATION. Dependants and PUFFS of *Musick-Halls*, *Assemblies*, and *Gardens*. And *Profligates* who hate him for his theatrical Order and Reformation, and his *legal Conquests* over *Rioters*, *Counts* and *Malevolents* who condemn his most *innocent Actions*.

Now, Reader, ’tis to be hoped you are in full Possession of the *Manager’s Leave*. You shall now have an Instance of his Dexterity and *profound Learning*; for by an *obvious Finess*, and *Subtlety* of Parts, and an *unparalleled Knowledge* in an absolute PYTHAGOREAN LOGIC, lately revived by the MANAGER, your Understanding shall behold this LIVING LEAVE die away, and instantly transmigrate—First “*Into a Declaration so guarded*”—and then into a Being called “THE MAN OF HONOUR, but not of his *Word*; or *Sheridan’s EQUIVOCATION*. In which Shape it is decreed by *common Honesty*, to remain,—in *Secula Seculorum*.

For the *Manager* allows, that he gave the *Band* leave to engage with *Doctor Maffè*,—but then urges it was under the *Restriction* of not interfering with the theatrical Business.

It now remains only to ask any impartial Reader, what he understands by *this Restriction*? It is presumed that the natural Answer will be, that he understands it to extend to the *ordinary*, and *common Course* of theatric Business. And so far it must allowed to be a natural, a prudent and a fair Restriction between Man and Man

Man. For it ought not to be expected that the Manager's Charity should extend so far as to suffer his own to be neglected.

But it Mr. Sheridan created, or forced extraordinary and unnecessary Business or Occasions, on purpose to elude this Leave,--- and with Design, under that false Colour of theatrical Business, to detain the Musick, and by that Means to distress the Charity, and bring it into Disgrace by disappointing the Public--- Why then Mr. Sheridan's prudent, rational Restriction, subtilizes into a low, bare-faced Subterfuge, and himself into a paltry Hypocrite;— who promised on purpose to deceive,---and by that Means more effectually to distress that Charity he speciously pretended to assist.

To this Observation, the Manager argues, that the Business on which the Music was detained, was not created, forced, or unnecessary; but natural, and indispensable. It was the Rehearsal of Prince Arthur, which was to have been perform'd in a few Days; consequently the Music could not be spared from twelve to three, on the 8th of March, without manifest Injury to that Performance.

This Assertion has been of great Use to the honest Manager, but the Reader no doubt will observe, that it is *meer Assertion*, which upon Enquiry will be found to be one of the Manager's dress'd up *Plausibilities*, which he dexterously imposes upon his Friends, who credulously disperse them through the Town as *positive Truths*.

But that the Reader may be a thorough Master of the Truth, or Falsity of this Assertion, his best and fairest Way will be to ask this Question.

Whether or no the Musicians were able, on the 8th of March, completely to discharge their Duty in Mr. Sheridan's Business, and afterwards to attend at the Gardens.

Of this none can judge so competently as the Band themselves, for every Musician knows, to a Certainty

tainty, in what Time he can, or can not, be able to perform a Piece of Music either *singly*, or in *Concert*. Now, if they were not able to compleat Mr. *Sheridan's* Business, in Prince *Arthur*, without disappointing the Company at the Gardens that Day, why then Mr. *Sheridan* was *justifiable in detaining them*; because their Performance there would have interfered with his Theatrical Business, which would have been contrary to the Tenor of his Leave.

But if, on the other Hand, it be *proved* that the Band were sure of their Abilities to compleat Mr. *Sheridan's* Business on that Day, and afterwards to attend the Gardens without any Prejudice to him, or Injury to his Musical Pieces, and notwithstanding they *informed him of this*, that he still *menaced*, and *arbitrarily* detained them, will it not appear after all this most evidently to every impartial Reader, that Mr. *Sheridan* was *insidious* in his Promise? *hypocritical* in his Professions to *serve the Charity*? insolently rude in disappointing so many People of Distinction? imprudent in offending the Public? and *ridiculously* impolite in the whole Affair?

But as an incontestible Proof of this Point, we shall insert what the Band has certified on this Occasion, and are ready to attest, if called upon.

WE do certify, that it always was, and now is, our mature Judgment, from Knowledge and Experience in our Business, that we were able to have performed at the New Gardens, from twelve to three on the 8th of *March*, and every Day at the same Hours, without interfering with Mr. *Sheridan's* Theatrical Business; or injuring his Musical Performances in any Respect, through the want of our Attendance at those Hours. This we told Mr. *Sheridan*; but he insisted, that not a Man should attend the Gardens, either on the 8th of *March*, or any other Time, while the Theatre was open, unless he was determined to abide

abide the severest Prosecution of the Law for Breach of Articles. We then urged, that he had given us Leave to engage with Dr. Mosse, which he acknowledged, but still persisted in his Resolution of prosecuting any Man, who should perform at the Gardens; offering at the same Time to indemnify any of us, who should be prosecuted by Dr. Mosse for Breach of Articles, by not performing at the Gardens.

Now, *what* can the Impartial say for the Manager? Does it not appear, *even from his own Words*, that Application was made to him? That he gave *the Band Leave* to perform at the Gardens? That they engaged with Dr. Mosse, *in Consequence of that Leave*? And does it not evidently appear, that the Music could have *done Mr. Sheridan's Business* on the 8th of March, and have performed at the Gardens too *on the same Day*; but that Mr. Sheridan, *willfully*, and *purposely* detained them for no other End, but to *Distress the Charity*, and disappoint the Public. And is not the whole supported and proved by the Transaction itself, and by the unanswerable Testimony of Men of Veracity?

We shall trouble the Reader with one Observation more upon this *notorious Man*; which will, perhaps, throw in a more intelligent and natural Light upon this Transaction, and upon the *Cast and Purport* of the Manager's Mind than any that has yet been made.

Interest is the governing Passion of Mankind; and the Pursuit of it is laudable when the *Means are social*. But if the Means are notoriously *selfish*, and *avowedly destructive* in their Practice and Consequences to others in the *same Profession*,-- why then the Professor of them, especially in the Management of popular Diversions, tho' within the Law, becomes the Object of *publick Hatred*; and is justly deemed a *monopolizing selfish Man*. For it is not enough that we are *legal*, the World will have us also *social* in our Pursuits,---and
lives

live, and *let live*, tho' *write*, is the *golden Maxim* they judge by.

If then, upon an impartial Retrospect of Mr. *Sheridan's* Conduct since he has been upon the Stage, it shall appear notorious to the whole Public, that he has been *over-bearing, artful, and envious*,---that he has quarrelled with every cotemporary Actor and Actress, of any Merit, that has been on the *Irish Stage*,--and taken every Method that *Slander, Trick, and Envy* could suggest,; secretly and openly to wound their *Fame* and raise his *own* upon their Ruin. If it shall appear also that he has been a *notorious Incendiary* in, and a *con-sealed Enemy* to every public Society he has been a Member of,---that he has been perpetually *splitting them into Factions*, and making *Tools* of his Friends, in order to subject those Societies to his own Controul and *partial Emolument*. That he has had the ostentatious *Hypocrisy* to give 20*l.* to a Charity, at the same Time that he was distressing it into a total *Dependence on himself*. If these, and hundreds of Instances besides, are *known Truths to the Publick*, and if the whole Series of his Conduct *has been consistent with this Specimen*, is it not a most reasonable Conjecture, *supposing there had been no Proof* that his sincere Intentions were, and are to *ruin the new Gardens*, and every other *Diversion*, as effectually as in him lies? For is not every popular Entertainment a Draw-back upon the Receipts of the Theatre? And would not every GENTLEMAN,---every Manager we mean,---use every *Trick, every Fraud*, within the Law, even to the sacrificing his *Word*, nay rather than Fail his sacred HONOUR, to compleat the Ruin of such hateful Rivals?

F I N I S.

A N
E P I S T L E

FROM

Th—s Sh—n, Esq;

TO THE

Universal Advertiser.

*—Dolor ipse disertum
Fecerat —*



D U B L I N :

Printed in the Year MDCC LIV.

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FROM

Th—s Sb—n, Esq;

TO THE

Universal Advertiser.

HOW comes it, Mr. *Advertiser*, I have, for some Time, been so unfairly, indeed inhumanly, dealt with in your Canal of Intelligence, my Conduct as Manager so unmercifully mangled; and this without the least Consciousness of having deserv'd ill either of your Censorship or the Community. I have set about two or three Letters to you, and been as often prevented from finishing, by this flattering Consideration, that there was, or would shortly happen, a Period to your Invectives; 'till, to my no small Vexation and Disappointment, I found myself attack'd unmercifully, point-blank, in your Queries, several Questions put to me at a Juncture, when, you might well imagine, I was not, through Hurry of Spirits, enabled to answer a single Interrogatory.

May

May I presume to suppose, without Offence, that your Exceptions are the Result of Misrepresentation? in consequence of which, I am, by you as well as some others, consider'd as an arch Coxcomb, most contemptibly vain, insupportably insolent, as well as arrogant, self sufficient and overbearing; in short, a very Tyrant, rather a Nuisance in, than a Reformer of, the Stage where I preside; that upon this imaginary Sensibility of my Infirmities, you have proceeded in order to the Cure, in the Method, much at present in Possession of the Vogue, of Mortification and Shame, preferring the Use of Caustics to all gentler Means.

I shall not, for the Honour of human Nature, so much as insinuate, that your ill Disposition towards me arose from mere Malice, or conclude you so narrow minded, as to think Offence has been taken at my Connection with that true Patriot and Ornament of his Country, as well as Profession, *G——F——r*, who, *inter nos*, has laid me under unspeakable Obligations, by conveying, through his mighty Sewer, the Histories of all my theatrical Wars, from the memorable Affair with *C——r*, to that unlucky Accident, when the Enemy, to the unspeakable Loss of the Town, as well as your humble Servant, over-run with Fire and Sword my whole Territories, with as much Rapidity, and as little Remorse, as old *Lewis* did those of the States-General; when I was forced to retire with as much Precipitation as *Mahomet* (who gave rise to the Quarrel) from the blood-thirsty Citizens of *Mecca*. These my Friend has related with all the Gravity, Dignity, and Spirit of a modern Historian, added to the Candour and Veracity of *Burnet* and *Oldmixon*. He has besides been the Publisher of several Epistles, when I have been reduced to the Necessity of becoming my own Correspondent,
or,

or, in plain *English*, of writing Letters to myself. The Mention of this, it may be, will incline you to stare or sneer, but, be assured, the Thing is not without Precedent, as well as Reason on its Side; the former Part of the Assertion, I suppose, you'll readily grant, and the latter I prove in the following Manner: I could meet with nobody inclin'd to sound the Trump of my Fame, or attempt a Defence of my well-meant Endeavours to serve the Public; was it not then high Time, and highly incumbent on me, to set about the Work, and be Minister of that Justice, which the World, like Ingrates, have hitherto declin'd doing me? Besides, *bark in your Ear*, there is not, perhaps, a single Mortal on this Side the Grave, bless'd with so clear a Conception of my Abilities and Importance, and consequently, so equal to the Task. I am aware, indeed, of one Objection, *viz.* I was too lavish in my own Praise, but, no doubt, you'll give up the Point, when I assure you, on my Word of Honour, that Exaggeration of Merit is impossible in my Case; so that nothing can be apprehended from that Quarter. Add to what has been said, a particular liking to the Subject, in talking to which I never become weary, insomuch that I have frequently tired three different Sets of People with listening to my Recitals. But prefacing apart, let's to the Point, to Matters of undeniable Fact, against which you will not be hardy enow to argue, and that in your own Way of Query.

I ask you then, Mr. *Advertiser*, did I not, like the immortal Founder of the *Mistress of the World*, establish a flourishing Kingdom out of a Collection of Vagabonds?

Does not the Constitution of my Kingdom seem the Work of Wisdom herself?

And Query, if a certain V——y, who shall be nameless, did not, in Imitation of me, endea-

vour to govern the Inhabitants of this Isle, as I have those whom Providence has committed to my Guidance?

Is it not plain then, that an Eye has been had to my System of Government, and will it not, think you, on one Day, be used as a Regulator of the grand Machine?

Has not that herdy Chieftain, his Son, in like Manner, copied me to a Tittle as far as he had Rope; and if, to his own Perseverance and Resolution, he had added my political Maxims, query if his Point had not been gain'd ere now? and would he not, had his Attempt been crown'd with Success, have obliged his Opponents

To bend the Knee and bow the Neck to Cæsar?

Have I not, in my small Sphere, given an excellent Specimen of the salutary Effects of passive Obedience and Non-resistance, ruling my Vassals with a Rod of Iron, and obliging them in the most abject Manner to truckle to their Sovereign?

Have I not, by effectually depressing the Spirit of Emulation, produced a stark Listlessness in the Minds of those within my theatrical Precincts, and the Reason you cannot dispute; for, does not Emulation produce Competition, Competition Discord, and Discord *bloody Noses and crack'd Crowns*, which would, in Time, render the Constitution crazy, and, perhaps, end in its Dissolution? and so, my Fortune be strangled, and myself reduced to the same Predicament with my Brother of *Corfica*, ousted of my Dominions, and oblig'd to the Obiervance of an *Unity* of Place within the Walls of a dreary Prison: Then might I, indeed, with Truth say, in the Words of that grimy Hero, whom, as you well know, I have oft represented with universal Applause, *Farewel the tragic Busk!*

Must it not be allow'd, to my Honour, that I have more effectually contributed towards the
Entertainment

Entertainment of this great Metropolis than any, I might have said all, my Predecessors together; furnishing a Dish calculated to please every Palate, from his Grace to the Butcher, inclusive? And, when the common Means of Supply were exhausted, have I not, at the no small Hazard of my Person, regaled the Town with a Quarrel every Winter, since my setting forward? which, besides the great End, answered an excellent inferior Purpose, by supplying the News-hawkers with fresh Matter, such as States of the Manager's Case, Apologies for his Conduct, &c. &c. which prevented those Vagrants, during a Dearth of Packets, from rioting in the Streets, as well as fishing in the Pockets of unwary Saunterers: Nay, I have been inform'd by that upright Magistrate B——s, that the Number of Commitments, during the Course of my Paper-Wars, has been considerably lessen'd. I am not insensible I have been arraign'd of Prodigality by Numbers, but I beg leave to ask those Gentlemen, is a Monarch (for in that Light I must, nay, will consider myself) to be in no wise distinguish'd from the Herd? or what Figure would Majesty exhibit in the Streets, on Foot, wrapp'd up in *Plebeian* Attire, or seated as a Messmate amidst a Circle of Taylors in a *Copper-alley* Ordinary? With such as have thought proper to term me the *Pink of Puppies*, I shall come to a short Issue, by telling them in the Words of my late Friend, which have, from Time to Time, help'd out several pretty Fellows, as well as myself, at a dead Lift,

Envy will Merit like its Shade pursue.

Now, Sir, after all, should you remain Proof against Conviction, I must e'en leave you a Prey to your Prejudice and Obstinacy, as well as immediately cease to be your constant Reader,

THOMAS *Rex Theat.*

R E M A R K S

O N

TWO LETTERS

S I G N E D

Theatricus and *Hibernicus*,

A N D

Published in the *Dublin Journal* of
the 12th and 23d of *February*, 1754.

D U B L I N :

Printed in the Year M, DCC, LIV.

R E M A R K S

O N

TWO LETTERS,

S I G N E D

Theatricus and *Hibernicus*.

S I R,

THERE has been a Letter publish'd lately in the Journal sign'd *Theatricus*, which has diverted me extremely : I have expected every Day to see something writ in Answer to this curious-pen'd Piece : Instead of which, I find the Town has been a second Time insulted by one of the most absurd and insolent Writings that ever was published. Therefore, since I don't find

A 2

any

any Body else idle enough to undertake the Task, I shall take the Trouble to make a few Remarks upon these extraordinary Performances.

Who the Author is, can be no Doubt with the Town; for tho' we should never think to look for him under the Character of *Hibernicus*, the strong characteristical Marks of Insolence and Vanity, which run through both the Letters, reveal the *Manager* even more than the Title of *Theatricus*.

He begins with a saying of *Swift's*, " That Party is " the Madness of many, for the Gain of a Few". Now lest the Authority of so great a Name should mislead us, or the *Innuendo* here meant throw any Reflection upon the Friends of *Liberty*; it is to be observed, that by Party *Swift* characteris'd *Faction*, which Title it always bears, when it is distinct from, or in Opposition to, Patriotism and public Spirit. I believe *Theatricus* did not mean the Censure of this Quotation should fall so heavily where it appears to do, upon the present Criticism; nor to give me so fair an Occasion of characterising the gallant Asserters of *Liberty* here glanc'd at by this Apopthegm, " The Loss of a Few, for the Benefit of many." Now no Man ever exerted a greater Portion of public Spirit, nor had the *Vox Populi* more on his Side than *Swift*; and I really think it has been an Occasion of just Reproach to this Kingdom, that one, who was not only an Honour, but of material Service to the Nation, should, many Years after his Death, be sent about begging in News Papers, for a Monument to mark his Ashes from the common Clay: But I think it still more extraordinary, that the Publick has not yet call'd upon the *Manager* for some Account of above an hundred Pounds, which was raised upon that Occasion, but should suffer it tamely to be expended in improving a certain Place above the Sarcasm, which that same *Swift* threw out against in one of his Writings, beginning, " Let me thy Properties explain, &c.

" The

“ The Theatre indeed has been my favourite Diversion“ &c. as that was a Place calculated for amusement, I was in hopes that Party itself would be glad to be refreshed from its Labours ; but alas ! I find it is a deaf Adder, that hears not the Voice of the Charmer.”

Whom does he mean by the Charmer ? not Mrs. W——for her Voice is the only Objection which the nicest Critic can possibly make to the Perfection of her Performance ; and she wants nothing indeed, but a Voice to be a charming Syren : So that himself must be the Charmer here intended, in which he would have the Remainder of that Text implied, that he “ charms us wisely.”

As to his Remark about the Theatre, it has ever been the very Place where the People have distinguished their Patriot Spirit ; and when their Remonstrances have been, by ministerial Influence, obstructed to the Powers that be, this has been always the *Succedaneum* they have made Use of, to shew their Sense of whatever Grievance or Oppression they have laboured under. But if this *Manager* has not been fully instructed in the *Greek* and *Roman* History, he might surely have heard from his Theatrical Historians, after what manner the Tragedy of *Cato* was received on the Stage in the four last Years of the Queen, when the Spirit of Patriotism, not of Party, was exerted by the *Whigs*, in the glorious Cause of Liberty, and support of the *Hanover* Succession : And here I shall treat him with a little Anecdote, to mark the Difference between those Times and ours. That *Bolingbroke*, who was at the Head of the Ministry, and who had Parts to outwit, instead of Sophistry to deceive, entered the Theatre, supported by a Throng of the Court-party, and applauded *Cato* for declaiming so nobly against the Power of a Dictator, and by this Ar-

tifice, defeated the Triumph of the *Whigs*, y running down the Duke of *Marlborough*.

“ When I think of the immense Difficulties the *Manager* has had to encounter, in raising the Stage from the lowest Ebb, that ever any was reduced to, to be, confessedly, the best regulated of any in *Europe*.”

This is a most confessed Falschood, because every one who has seen the Theatres in *London* must know it be so ; and as to our Theatre, it was never reduced, for it was always at a low Ebb, ’till the Year before this famous *Manager* became Monarch of the Monopoly ; when we had all our Plays better perform’d than we have ever seen them since, or, I fear, ever shall again, as *Garrick*, *Barry*, *Sheridan*, and *Bellamy*, were all in the same Play.

“ When I consider that he is indefatigable in his Endeavours, and profuse in his Expence to entertain the Public, &c.”

The Public have indeed been entertain’d with frequent Accounts of his Profuseness and Expence, but as this Matter relates to his private, not his publick Character, I shall not urge personal Reflections farther.

The Allegory of the Ordinary is well enough in itself, but wants Justness in the Application. For the Patriot-spirited Part of the Audience only applauded the Dish at the Entertainment, which they liked best ; which they had a Right to do, as having paid their Club ; but did not spoil any other Dish at the Table, which might be to the Palate of the Rest of the Guests. But, in Truth, the Weight of this Censure falls very justly on the Master of this Ordinary, when he often gives us very indifferent Fare for our Money, and as often spoils good Meat with bad Cooks ; when *D—*, who is by far the best Actor in his Company, is put aside to make way for *S—*, and when he makes us pay for an insipid ill-season’d **Pye*, we have Reason, in his Phrase,

* *Mrs. Pye*, a new Actress.

Phrase, " to curse the Ordinary, and never to go there again." So it appears to be the *Manager* who throws Garlick, or something worse, into our Dishes.

" All true Patriots will certainly exert themselves in the Support of a *Manager*, who has, all his Life been a zealous Maintainer of Liberty, and has given an undeniable Proof of it, in establishing the only *free Stage* now in the World, &c."

What bombastical Declamation is here ! What vain Puffing about an Affair, which was accidentally brought to pass by the drunken Frolick of a giddy young Man ! And that this was the Work of Accident, and not of Judgment or Virtue, may be fully proved from this *Manager's* subsequent Conduct ; by his Revival of obscene Plays, as the *Chances*, the *Rover*, *Country Wife*, &c. the last of which, I hear, has been withdrawn, upon a Hint of the Box-keepers, that no Lady would come to see it ; and his Introduction of the Dancing *Blackmoor*, the Fire-eater, and Wire-dancers ; all which are a Disgrace to a well regulated Theatre. As to its being a *free Stage*, there can be no Dispute, for, I believe, at no other Theatre in *Europe*, such Numbers of *free Tickets* are given, to support poor Plays, to preserve popular Vogue, and to bribe public and party Applause against the general Sense of the Nation.

But what was it that lost the Theatres in *London* their Liberty, but the uncontroul'd Power of a corrupt Minister of State, who procured to the Lord Chamberlain the Authority of licensing Plays, either in the Whole, or in Part ? and if the gallant Patrons of Liberty, do not upon all Occasions support even the Freedom of the Stage, the Loss of this may perhaps, in a short Time, be the least Grievance or Oppression they may have Reason to lament.

As to the Whole of his second Letter, it may stand a Ridicule upon itself, as well as an Insult upon the
A 4 Kingdom ;

Kingdom ; so I shall no farther Remark upon it, but by observing, that the *Manager* has been the Cause of all the present Feuds between the Court and Country ; for by the great influx of Trade, &c. brought about intirely by his active Endeavours for the publick Good, the Overflowings of the Treasury have been occasioned, a-which this Debate has arisen.

While I was writing this Letter, a third Journal was brought to me, in which was inserted an Abstract from the Freeholder, upon the same Subject : So that he has amused the Publick with a short Quotation from *Swift* at the Beginning, and from *Addison* at the latter End, by way of Head and Tail-piece, to his own insipid whole Length. This puts me in mind of an Epigram wrote under a full length Picture of *Nash*, put up in the great Room at *Bath*, with a Bracket fix'd up on each Side, upon one of which was placed the Bust of *Newton*, and on the other that of *Pope*.

*This Picture plac'd these Busts between,
Gives Satire its full Strength :
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
While Folly's at full Length.*

LIBERTUS.

A P-

APPENDIX.

DUBLIN JOURNAL Feb. 12th. 1754.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

Sir,

IN my Youth I was a violent Party Man, but soon found the following Observation of your Friend *Swift* was well grounded, viz. "Party is the Madness of many for the Gain of a few." Since which Time, whenever that violent Spirit is abroad, I shun Places of publick Resort, to avoid its Haunts. The Theatre indeed (which has ever been my favourite Diversion) I still continued to frequent; and was in Hopes, as that was a Place calculated for Amusement, that even Party itself would chuse there to be refreshed from its Labours: But alas! I find it is a deaf Adder, which hears not the Voice of the Charmer, but hisses and stings the very Hand that plays its Musick. When I think of the immense Difficulties the Manager has had to encounter, in raising the Stage from the lowest Ebb that ever any was reduced to, to be, confessedly, the best regulated of any in Europe; when I consider that he is indefatigable in his Endeavours, and profuse in his Expence, to entertain the Publick, I cannot possibly think he deserves Ill at their Hands: When I reflect on the immense Labour both of Body and Mind he undergoes in his double Capacity of Manager and Player, sufficient to try the Force of a more robust Constitution; when I know that every Hour of the Day is employed in Re-
hearsals,

hearfals, ftudying of Parts, regulating a Variety of Affairs in that comprehensive Undertaking, and managing a Company, who are not generally eftemed the moft tractable Set of People in the World, I cannot but think that the Audience, in common Humanity, fhould make his Appearance before them at Night as eafy and agreeable as poffible; to leave Humanity out of the Queftion, every Auditor for his own Sake, if he has any Regard to his Entertainment, ought to do it. Marks of a grateful Acceptance from the Publick of his Endeavours to please, are neceffary Cordials to a Man whofe Spirits are exhausted by Fatigue, and whofe Mind in the Courfe of his Bufinefs, muft be frequently ruffled by a Variety of difagreeable Events: If, on the contrary, he finds that many of the Audience come there, not with a Design to liften to the Play, but to give Vent to Party Principles; if he finds, in Confequence of this, that many fober quiet People, who ufed formerly to fill his Houfe, are deterred from going into fuch tumultuous Affemblies, to the great Injury of his Property; if he is under perpetual Apprehenfions of the fatal Confequences which may attend thefe Proceedings, how is it poffible for him to enter with true Spirit into the Part? To perform a Character well, an Actor muft entirely be divested of felf, and imagine himfelf the very Perfon he represents; but how is it poffible for him to do this if he is perpetually put in Mind of felf by Uneafinefs from within, and Interruptions from without. The Heart muft be vacant to admit of a feigned Paffion, if there be a real one there before, the fictitious will find itfelf too weak to diflodge it. Nor is the Actor the only Sufferer upon this Occafion; every Auditor who went with an Intention to be entertained fuffer with him; for, at the End of the Play, he finds he has mifpent both his Time and Money, befides the Mortification of finding himfelf difappointed of the Pleafure which he had Reafon to expect. If Gentlemen, at an Ordinary, were to take it into their Heads to ftrow large Quantities of Salt and Pepper over one Difh, Garlick over a fecond, Sugar over a third, and fay to the reft of the Company, we have feafoned thefe Things

Things to our Palates, and there is no Injury done to you, as there are the Dishes according to your Bill of Fare; I should answer, 'tis very true, Gentlemen, here are the Dishes promised, but I have lost my Dinner, for I cannot taste a Morfel of them now; I thought I had an undoubted Right to my Share of the Meat, as sent up by the Master of the House, without any of your seasoning; and though I might be of so pacifick a Disposition as not to involve my self in a Quarrel, yet I would certainly never go to that Ordinary again, and I am afraid the Master of the House would not long be able to keep it open.

I hope the avowed Asserters of Liberty have considered the Matter in this Light, or sure they would not, to gratify a wanton Humour, injure in a high Degree, the Property of a Man who is allowed on all Hands to be a useful Member of the Commonwealth, and at the same Time invade the Liberty of their Fellow Subjects, by spoiling an Entertainment which they have paid for, and have an undoubted Right to hear without Interruption. All true Patriots will certainly exert themselves in support of a Manager, who has all his Life been a zealous Maintainer of Liberty, and has given an undeniable Proof of it in establishing the only free Stage now in the World, or that perhaps ever has been since the flourishing State of Athens. I have run into a much greater Length upon this subject, than I at first proposed; but as you have ever shewn yourself ready to communicate any Thing to the Publick which is designed for its Service, I make no doubt but you will find Room in your Journal for these loose Thoughts, which flow from one who is a sincere Wisher of its Welfare.

I am Sir, your most obedient Servant.

THEATRICUS.

DUBLIN JOURNAL Feb. 23d. 1754.

To the AUTHOR of the
DUBLIN JOURNAL.

S I R,

I WAS much pleased with a Letter in your Journal of Tuesday seven-night, Signed Theatricus, in which the Writer has clearly shewn that the Audience are bound by every Principle of Gratitude, Humanity, and Regard to their own Rights, to support the Manager in his endeavours to give them their Entertainment in the most decent, regular, and peaceable Manner. But I think the Matter may be carried much farther; for I will venture to assert, that whoever has a true regard to the Interest of *Ireland*, will think himself indispensably bound to use his utmost endeavours to support the Stage. Tho' this may appear at first Sight a very extraordinary Assertion, yet, whoever attends seriously to what I have to say upon that Head, will, I make no doubt, think it well founded. In all well regulated States, the Diversions of the Publick have ever been thought worthy of the Attention of the Legislature; and as the Stage has ever been allowed the most rational, instructive, and delightful Entertainment, that the Wit of Man could invent; it has on that Account always led the Way, and attracted a due proportion of Regard from every wise Government. In *Athens*, the same Persons who were the Chief Magistrates,

strates of the State, were the Managers of the Theatre. With it the Liberal Arts always flourished and declin'd; nay, what is more remarkable, in all free Countries, the Stage might be considered as the Pulse of the Nation; when that was regular and vigorous, the Constitution was in Health; when low and disorder'd, it was a sure prognostick of the Dissolution of the State. I will venture to assert, that there never was a Kingdom, to the well being of which, a flourishing Stage is so absolutely necessary, as *Ireland*. One of the principal Grievances under which this poor Country labour'd, was the number of Absentees who constantly drain'd so much of the Vital Blood of this Nation to make it circulate in other Channels; what Cause could this be imputed to, but the Want of Diversions in our Capital? Young Men of large Fortunes will never be content with the Necessaries of Life, they must have the Elegancies, the Amusements; and if these are not to be had at Home, no Wonder they go Abroad in Quest of them; and when they find their Time much more agreeably pass'd there, no Wonder that they never think of returning. This, with necessary Connections and Alliances in another Kingdom, not only makes themselves Aliens to their Country, but their Posterity for ever. Nor is this a mere Speculative Point; Experience has evinced the Truth of it. Do but look back to the State of *Dublin* not many Years ago, when our whole Diversions consisted of, a miserable, unfrequented Theatre, and a Sixpenny Concert at the Bull's Head Ale-House in *Fishamble Street*. What Person of Fortune, what Person of Taste, would reside in such a City? Indeed none did, except such whose Places, Professions, or narrowness of Circumstances obliged them to it. Now cast your Eyes upon the present State of *Dublin*, and what it has been for some Years past, what an unusual Concourse of People of Fortune! How many have returned to their Native Country and taken up their Residence here. How many young Persons, finding their Time agreeably employ'd here, have never thought of going abroad for Diversions.

versions. To be convinced of this Point, a Person need only frequent publick Places. But there is one incontestable Proof of it, that there have been more elegant Houses Built, fit for the Reception of Persons of Quality and Fortune, within these six Years than the whole City of *Dublin* contained before. What can this be owing to, but an extraordinary Demand from Persons of Rank for such Houses who now chuse to fix their Residence, and spend their Fortunes at Home; and what could induce them to such Choice, but the Refinement and Increase of our Diversions. I think I could prove undeniably, that all this has been owing to the flourishing State of the Stage; which is not only the Parent of the Liberal Arts, but the Nurse of all other Diversions. But this I shall take another Opportunity of doing, as it would at present take up too much Room in your Journal. However, I shall offer one probable Argument in Support of the Truth of my Assertion, that this great Revolution has been brought about, *This Concourse of Company, and those number of Buildings since the Theatre has been under the Conduct of the present Manager.* Think of this, O Ye Citizens of *Dublin*! Think of it, O Ye Tradesmen and Merchants, Ye Builders and Ground Landlords, Ye Lawyers and Physicians, in short all Arts and Professions whose Profits depend upon a number of Customers.

But above all consider it, O ye Ladies! whose improved Taste, and refined Fancy has discovered a Diversion unknown to your stupid Mothers, the noblest sure and highest Effort of human Invention, I mean a **D R U M**. For tho' you should carry your Point, tho' you should by indefatigable Pains, thin the Boxes every Night in such a Manner as to make the Theatre strike sail to your imperial Flag, and constitute that the only Diversion in the Town; I am apprehensive, with all due Deference I speak it to the great Utility, Instruction, Improvement, and unspeakable Pleasures to be found in that high Entertainment, I fear, I say, that
People

People will not be induced either to come to this City, or reside here, merely on that Account. And if *Dublin* should again be reduced to its former desolate Condition, no Lady could then hope to see such Crowds of both Sexes at her House, which constitute the *Summum Bonum* of a DRUM. This is humbly submitted to the Consideration of all Patriot Ladies, by a true Lover of DRUMS and his Country.

HIBERNICUS.

F I N I S.

T O M'S

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S A T Y R.

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T O M'S

S T A G E

A

S A T Y R.

*Great FLETCHER never treads in Estirs here.
Nor greater JOHNSON dares in Socks appear,
But gentle SIMKIN just Reception finds,
Amidst this Monument of vanquish'd Minds.*

DRYDEN'S Mackflecknee.



D U B L I N :

Printed for the Author, in the YEAR, 1758.



TOM'S

STAGE, &c.

NOW for some years unrival'd and alone,
Had *Irish* TOM usurp'd the stage's throne.
A Prince as absolute in his domain,
As *Lewis* once, or great *Charlemain*.
Each trembling slave before their monarch stands,
And wait implicitly his high commands.
But yet no laurel such as poets wear,
Entwine the diadem his temples bear:
From what rare merits sprang the rich reward,
The muse who knows them, only can record.

O soul of *Cibber*! you whose annual strains
Each noble ear with dulness entertains,

A 2

Sinister

Sinister who force the many, whom no art can move,
 Your stage's labours to applaud and love :
 Infill some portion of your wond'rous art,
 That without judgment I may touch the heart.
 To ev'ry verse, be present while I sing,
 And modern taste to modern numbers bring.

Sinister fame, whose voice is still untrue,
 And gives renown where least applause is due.
 She who transfers to dunces heads the bays,
 And Mevius decks with honour'd *Virgil's* praise.
 Had rear'd her trump to blazon forth aloud,
Tom's wond'rous merits to th' admiring croud;
 Forth flew the rumour with resistless force.
 And swept all shallow judgments in its course.
 The vain dull ign'rant all their voices raise,
 And join like beagles in the cry of praise.
 The Palm adjudg'd, increases his renown,
 And dullness waits him to present the crown.

There stands a dome devote to wit and sense,
 While sense or wit to favour held pretence.
 Now farce and folly the whole fabric sways,
 Exprest in fustian and indecent plays.
 Since by kind licence of the powerful great,
 'Tis grown the Players, not the Muses seat.
 Here tinsel'd Vagrants in gay pomp appear,
 To charm the eye, unmindful of the ear.

This

This bellows out what he scarce understands,
 And meets the plaudit of a thousand hands,
 Others unfit, attempt the lovers part,
 And win with fulsome wining ev'ry heart,
 Or uttering loud what virtue shou'd not hear,
 Convey rude meanings to the virgin ear.
 Now humour strains and with a forc'd grimace,
 Wakes willing smiles in each spectator's face,
Falstaff wou'd weep such awkward things to view,
 And scorn the actor, and his audience too.
 More force than this, why shou'd the vulgar need,
 Yet to low plays still lower things succeed,
 Or mean buffoons their Roratorias bring,
 Or tumbling *Laplander* mounts the brazen string.
 And why shou'd barbarous pastimes give offence?
 They're more the rabble's sphere than wit or sense.
 Few are the minds can relish polish'd plays,
 But ev'ry coxcomb has a taste for these.

A realm so rich in pleasures of the fool,
 What head so fit as *Sh* — *s* to rule?
 He knew each Labyrinth winding folly took,
 And trac'd her steps through ev'ry hidden nook,
 Cou'd suit his nonsense with such dextrous skill,
 His hearers taste by always at his will:
 And as vagaries, old or tiresome grew,
 They but recede to usher in the new;

Correc-

Corrective wit does now its lash forbear,
And dullness triumphs in her foes despair.

Now winter, season of diversions, came,
So much the wish of ev'ry flunting dame,
Plays, drums, assemblies, wealth and time consume,
And plate is pledg'd to deck the drawing room,
Till sweats, and feels as painful throws,
As his dear wife at her delivery knows,
To think what portions of his annual rent,
Must in these scenes of gallantay be spent.
'Tis now the talk what Players wasted o'er,
Forfake their own for a more tasteless shore.
Wher's *Woffington*, *Belamy*, and *Blair*,
They by his ill treatment left their native Land,
Shall we have *Mecklin*, *Mosop*, or *Barry*,
No who cou'd with *Tom*, above a season tarry.
With what new fingers does their chief engage,
If *Bugiani* still or *Marenisi* holds the stage?
And now the bills set up, appoint the day,
It is his last and a most tragick play.
New scenes, new dresses a full house invite,
And waxen tapers shed unusual light;
The famish'd town from nonsense kept so long,
With eager haste in swarms promiscuous throng.
'Twas a rude chaos, where all stations met,
Compose a motly and discordant set.
Where clapping hissing, stamping bawling loud,
Are the chief pastimes of barb'rous crowd,
How suffers reason when such heads decide?
What risk runs genius by such judges try'd? Whose

Whose passions sway'd by bombasts magick spells,
 But rise or fall as that subsides or swells,
 As *Whitfield's* hearers charm'd with heav'nly cant,
 All motions feel of the declaiming saint;
 Thus a like phrensy through th' audience spread,
 With like contagion seizes ev'ry head.
 Hence *Richards* rise, and *Urchins* hence essay,
 To ape their masters in some future play.
 Which some affirm, they act as well as they.
 For where no judgment does the fancy strike,
 Ideots and children may divert alike.
 And now the drama through all changes pass'd,
 All scenes display'd, at length attains its last.
 We pass those graces of a slighter kind,
 Which skilful players more than nature mind,
 With active hands to saw the yielding air,
 To strut with majesty with grief to stare,
 And passions warm or fond to picces tare.
 These rules contain the pith of ev'ry part,
 The primer of all histrionick art.
 Behold great *Tom* in life's remotest stage,
 His soul departing with herocik rage,
 With what calm look the dagger's point he eyes,
 And as all heroe's shou'd sublimely dyes.
 Not real murthers more confusion breed,
 When to appease some tyrant, hundreds bleed.
 Or gallows heroes, pendent to a string,
 The cart withdrawn, plump down and gently swing.

The pitying strong a just compassion shew,
 And as if each breast had felt the blow,
 'Twas then in death, all lovely as he lay,
 Parental dullness did his air survey,
 And hanging o'er with maternal look,
 A poppy chaplet from her budget took,
 Branch of that item, and in like form entwin'd,
 As once did father *Electra's* temples bind.
 And kissing gently as she laid it on,
 " Cry'd, were this token thine beloved son.
 " Not all regard to *B* ——— her pen is due,
 " Some sparks of love remains, dear child, for you,
 " You serve me more by murthering what's well writ.
 " Than scribblers can with their apostate wit.
 " They but dull plays to spread my bow'r invent,
 " You spoil the good in what you represent.
 " True mischief of bright *Appollo's* flame,
 " You damn the substance, while you hold the name.
 " Then dullness triumphs most, and thrives apace,
 " When trick'd like merit she usurps its place.
 " This causes lords to fight in bards defence,
 " Whose frigid lines are still at war with sense.
 " Found *Li* ——— patrons to espouse his part,
 " Who was himself the scourge of ev'ry art.
 " Yet for favours past do I applaud,
 " Dearest, suppose what she has once enjoy'd;
 " These wishes urg'd but whet your blunted will,
 " ——— war with wit, and be its tyrant still.

“ Merits

" Merits thy foe, and when her pow'r prevails,
 " Thy tottering empire at that moment falls,
 " Conjunctive then let our endeavors be,
 " And aid my cause, as I've supported thee.
 More had she said——but now as his big wight
 Comes with an epilogue to close the night,
 And in his office hush'd the babbling spright,
 'Twas humour all, strokes of facetious wit,
 By the choice pen of Laureate *Vi---or* writ.
Vi---or whose dullness does all fotsutpals,
 A blund'ring stiff incorrigible ass.
 Whose stream of sense no clearness ever flows,
 But pouring in still thickens as it flows.
 As bladders fill'd with wind are empty found,
 So his puff'd head returns nought but sound
 Such wound'rous nonsense issu'd from his skull,
 It monstrous seem'd, and something more than dull.
 Nor must you *Tom*! however large your share,
 Thy weak stupidity with his compare;
Vi---or his parts to other fools unknown,
 And in his are of sinking yields to none.
 Dullness herself begins his pow'r to dread,
 Her fogs ore'-come by his prevailing lead.
 'Gainst such a bold invader *Cobber* swore,
 He held not safe the laurel that he wore,
 So shipp'd him off to the *Hibernian* shore.
 Where midst the number of congenial minds,
 His wand'ring muse a fit reception finds.

All travel o'er, his tablet here he hangs,
And thus from Actors mouth the crowd harangues.

“ Ladies and gallants here conven'd to night,
“ To our emolument, and your delight,
“ 'Tis fit we tell you, what 'tis just you know,
“ How much we Players to your favour own.
“ You are the waves that keep our hopes afloat,
“ That else must founder with us in the moat,
“ And sink at once both mariner and boat. }
“ And here no vain or idle care is shewn.
“ Since in our judgments you defend your own.
“ For 'tis our study to exhibit plays,
“ Which by long practice most are found to please,
“ Let poets rail, we scorn the rhyming crew,
“ Nor will we quill the many for the few.
“ Wits may your money as your tastes contemn,
“ But must not hope that we should copy them.
“ Players are sharp, by nature worldlings made,
“ And though they fail in science know their trade,
“ This pricks us on our talents to express,
“ In shews of mummary and tinsel dress,
“ Makes thunder rumble, and bids ghosts arise,
“ To charm with Attic scenes your ears and eyes.
“ What Attic means, 'tis own'd, we're yet to seek,
“ But b'lieve 'tis antient and relates to greek.
“ These Grecians Sirs, as certain pens have writ,
“ Huge scholars were, and men of mighty wit,
“ Poets

Poets as staunch, as ever wore the bay,
 Or sung great G—— e upon his natal day.
 And yet it doubts me were they now alive,
 They'd find it hard with such rare parts to thrive;
 That antient way of wit is alter'd quite,
 Nor its with genius now, but flame we write.
 That dull thing sense, with us no harbour finds.
 It's use we leave to less exalted minds,
 By fancy taugh new regions to explore,
 Where track of poet ne'er was seen before,
 A paradise by fortune to us shewn;
 And but to heads like ours, only konwn.
 'Tis true there are some sparks, who vainly think
 That while we strive to soar, we lower sink;
 But these are sots who want of taste betray,
 And whou'd be dabbling still the antient way;
 Such as low *Ben*, and *Fletcher's* writings praise,
 And without mending wou'd have *Shakespear* please
 But we despise them and their censures too,
 While thus supported by the great, and you.
 Your approbation is our only shield,
 Nor till you deign to leavs us will we yield.
 But now tis 'time we quit this reasoning stile,
 And something say to make our hearers smile,
 For use commands that after tragick plays,
 We strive with roquey jests a laugh to raise,

“Left

Left husbands parting hence in heavy plight, }
 No stomachs have to kill their wives that night, }
 To fob the fair ones of their wish'd delight. }
 Then Gallants know, all you've seen acted here.
 Is but a cheat, how just it may appear.
 That haughty dame you for *Roxana* took,
 Who seem'd so royal both in speech and look,
 Is but a laundress, who to empire rose,
 From starching linnen, and from washing cloaths.
 Who *Alexander* is, I need not tell,
 His person, parts, and fame, are noted well.
 And *Cytus* sword so apt watch and ward,
 Shews him to be some trooper of the guard;
 Who from his king's and country's service fled,
 Wins by sham battles here his daily bread.
Statira too a though she seems so chaste,
 As to huff king's who'd take her by the waist;
 Stay till she doffs her robes, and you shall find,
 No city punk, more coming, or more kind;
 Tip but the wink, she follows ev'ry where,
 In all things yours if you but speak her fair.
 Now I have told you all pray wher's the harm?
 Husband's lie close and keep your spouses warm.
 Their spark'ing eyes their wanton thouts proclaim,
 And heaving breasts beat eager for the game, {
 Rise! rise!--and shake off drowiness for shame. }

But

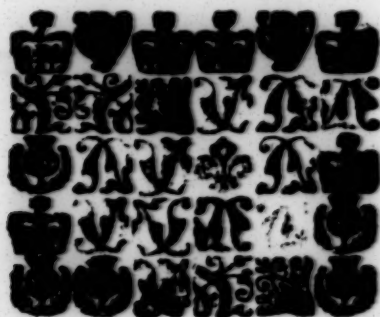
But ah! — how's this! — my mirth too far has ran,
 For see each lady peeps behind her fan.
 I fear I've anger'd them, — nay ladies may?
 Take not amiss the waggish things I say.
 'Tis custom all — good heav'ns! how they stare,
 And seem abash'd. — Then have I cause to fear.
 Why will you believe me. — nay I vow to gad,
 If you suspect me rude, I shall run mad.
 Why all this pother! this affected rout;
Congreve says worse, and yet you'll hear him out.
 And *Vanburg's* jests, through ev'ry smutty line,
 Though much they please, are coarser still than mine.
 Then where's my fault? ah, yield compassion now,
 " Or instant here, to hang myself I vow.
 Thus on he went in the imploring strain,
 And the same stuff repeated o'er again;
 Till the poor player trap'd with what he said,
 Found a weak lassitude his limbs invade;
 Slow and more slow, the length'nd words are drawn,
 Nod follows nod, and yawn succeeds to yawn;
 The undulating vapour far exhales,
 And first the galleries, next the pit assails.
 'Twas nodding, staring, gaping, stretching wide,
 And yawns, and snorts were heard from ev'ry side.
 Thrice happy they, who planted next the door,
 'Ere the contagion reach'd them, fled secure.

(16)

All else remain'd the drowsy *Sirens* prey;
And on their seats extended; sleeping lay,
Dullness who saw the conquest now compleat,
And satisfy'd with reason's full defeat;
To screen her fools from scandal's prying sight,
Let fall the curtain of eternal night.

F I N I S.

*Speedily will be publish'd, by the same Author, a new
Picture of Tom and his Cat's-paw.*



AN HUMBLE
ADDRESS
TO THE
LADIES
OF THE
City of *DUBLIN*.

By a PLEBEIAN.



DUBLIN: Printed in the Year 1747.